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Spectator

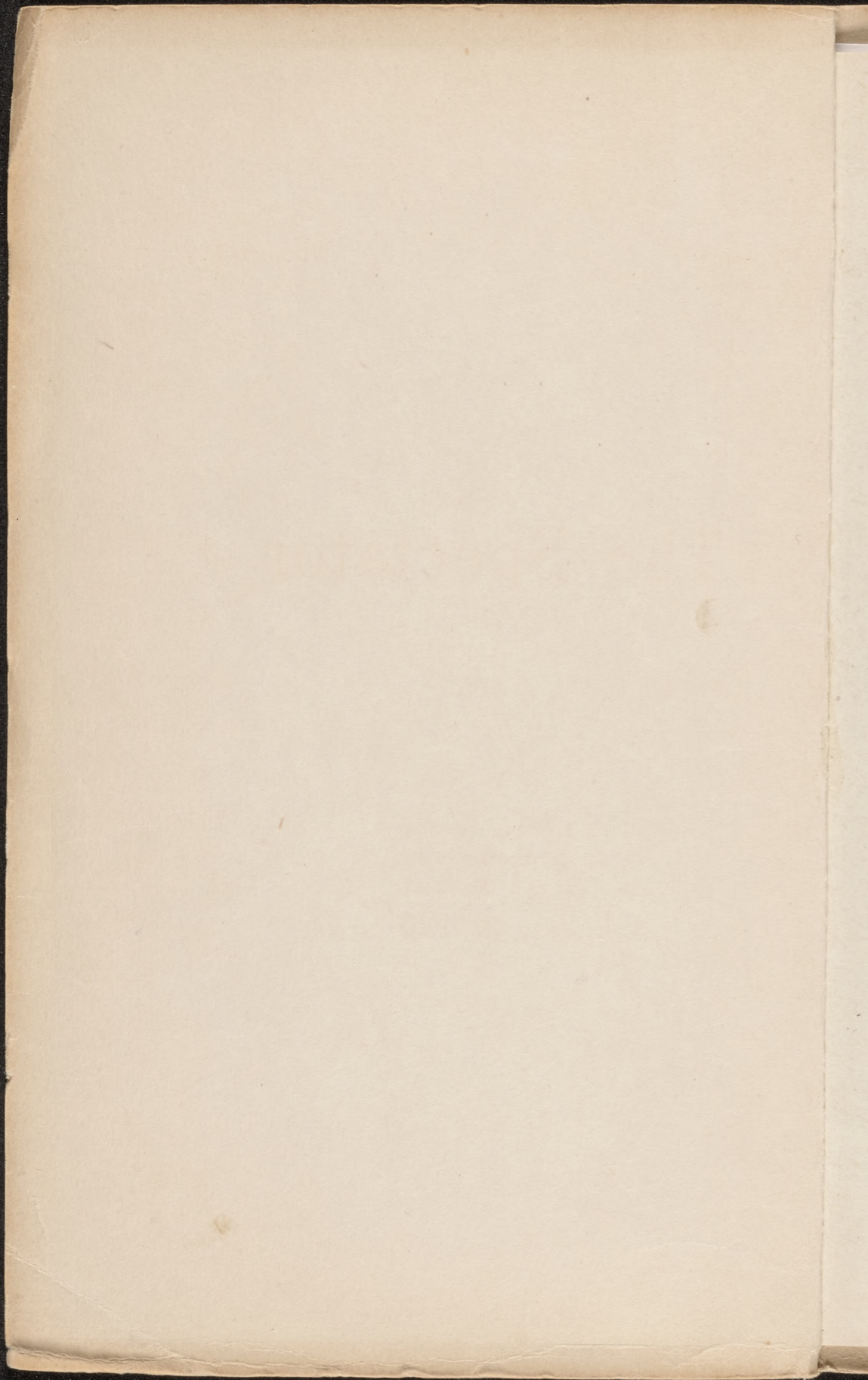
Commencement

Number

Emmet Sedgley McClelland









Volume V

Number 20

# The Spectator

Published by  
Cloverdale Union  
High School  

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June 15, 1910

We herewith present to you a record of events which have transpired in Cloverdale Union High School during the year 1910. We hope that the Spectator will prove a source of enjoyment to those who are looking back upon the pleasant days of High School life, to those who are enjoying them now and also to those who hold them in pleasant anticipation. To the latter we entrust the publishing of the Spectator in the future and we hope that as the years pass by and Cloverdale High School becomes larger and more prosperous they will earnestly strive to make each paper a better one.



To the  
**Trustees of Cloverdale High School**  
We, the staff of the 1910 Spectator,  
dedicate this Commencement number of our paper  
in grateful appreciation of their support of  
student activities and their interest in the  
general welfare of the school.





A. W. MILLER, Principal

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## The Faculty

A. W. MILLER, B. S.  
Univ. Cal., 1908.

ADA E. MORSE B. A.  
Univ. Nev., 1906

KATHERENE M. DOUGLAS, B. L.  
Univ. Cal., 1908. 1 Year Post Graduate, Univ. of Paris



## Graduates

CECIL GOWAN

HAZEL FLORENCE BROWNE

FAY ETTA NORTHCOTT

Motto—Noblesse Oblige.

Colors—Olive Green and Gold.

Class Flower—California Poppy.

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## Commencement Programme

Music .....	
Invocation .....	Rev. Henry Ainsworth
Song, "Merrily Goes Our Bark," .....	School
Address, "Patriotism in a Republic" .....	Allison Ware
Music, Selection .....	Glee Club Quartette
Presentation of Diplomas by A. J. Delia, president of Board of Trustees.	
Music .....	Glee Club Selection



# ditorial

## C. H. S. Spectator Staff

HAZEL BROWNE .....	Editor
CECIL GOWAN .....	Manager
DAN SINK .....	Assistant Editor
WILL McCABE .....	Literary Editor
FLORENCE LYLE .....	Alumni Editor
EMMA SEDGLEY .....	Josh Editor
FRANK BELFORD .....	O. V. L. Editor
WILL McCABE .....	Boys' Athletics
ETHEL GRAHAM .....	Girls' Athletics
NETTIE BEASLEY .....	Exchange Editor
ISABELLE GRANT.....	Staff Artist



At length the second printed edition of the C. H. S. Spectator is completed and with it another year of school with all its duties and pleasures. A feeling of satisfaction is always experienced when a difficult task has been accomplished. We have found this true in editing the Spectator which has required hard work for all because we are so few in number.

We feel, however, that a school should endeavor to publish a paper even though it be small. The benefits thus derived by the institution as a whole and the pupils individually are many. In the first place the school may thus be made known to places that may never have heard of its existence before. This acquaintance usually results in exchange of papers and the smaller school may receive many suggestions from the paper of the larger one, which it will find helpful not only in editing its next paper, but in many other student activities. The benefits derived by the pupils from such an undertaking can not be over-estimated. It gives them experience in practical work and brings self confidence to them. They add to their knowledge something which is not given by the regular lessons of school.

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The editor wishes to express her gratitude to the students who have aided in making the publication of the Spectator possible and also to the business men who have assisted us financially by advertising in our paper.



## The Treason of Marjory Carew

Herbert Belford, '11

It was the close of a hot June day in 1864. The last rays of the descending sun fell upon a large opening in the woods a few miles north and west of the spot where a little more than a month before the terrific battle of the wilderness had been fought.

The opening was that of a large plantation which before the war had produced great quantities of tobacco. The fields were now overgrown with weeds and the fences and out-buildings had a neglected look.

The plantation was the property of John Carew who with his only son was now with Lee's army defending Petersburg. His wife and daughter, Marjory, were left in charge of the plantation.

When the union army had advanced that spring the slaves had deserted in a body, leaving Mrs. Carew and her daughter alone, save for one old negress who had been Marjory's nurse.

On the evening in question, we find Marjory near the southern end of the clearing, where she had wandered in search of wild flowers.

She was tall and slender with an abundance of wavy brown hair and blue eyes ordinarily dancing with fun but capable of becoming soft and tender when she was moved by pity or love.

Just now, however, they expressed sadness and concern as did her whole manner, for she was thinking of her father and brother away there at Petersburg facing death for the cause so many brave men had died for, namely, the cause of the Confederacy. Even now one of them might be lying dead or burning with the fever of wounds on some battle fields. At the thought her blood turned cold and her heart almost stopped beating. "Oh! why could not those terrible Yankees have



stayed in the north, and let the south go in peace," she thought. "I hate them," she cried to herself fiercely. "If one of them were being hanged and I could save him by cutting the rope I would not."

As she spoke stamping her foot with anger, she was startled by a shout from the woods followed by half a dozen rifle shots that rang sharply on the still evening air. They came from a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile. Alarmed by this interruption to the quiet of the hour and not knowing what danger might be threatening, the girl turned and started to run toward the house. As she did so, however, there was a crackling in the bushes within a few feet. They parted and a man burst through them. He was a pitiable object. His clothes, which were those of a farmer, were torn and ragged to the extreme and covered with mud. His hat was gone, his hands and face were scratched and bleeding from the bushes through which he had passed. He was staggering from weariness. At sight of this figure Marjory would have fled the faster had not he spoken.

"For God's sake stop," he cried, "help me. They are close behind. They will be here in a moment! I can go no farther. Unless I find a place to hide I will be caught!"

As he spoke these words he sank to the ground as if no longer able to stand.

Marjory hesitated, the voice though weak from fatigue, betrayed education above his seeming station.

"There can be nothing to fear from him," she thought, her heart moved by pity for his condition.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"You are a confederate," he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes you all are down here. I need not have asked, but you look kind, I will trust you. I am not what I seem. I am a Yankee soldier, Captain Lane. I will tell you more. Yesterday I was sent into Petersburg in this disguise to learn the rebel plans. I obtained my information and was returning to the Union lines when I was pursued by the Rebel cavalry. Since noon I have run and walked through wood and swamps.



I am completely exhausted. Unless you show me a place to hide they will take and hang me. Wont you help me?

At this appeal, all her fierce resolves against the Yankees melted.

Ah! for the fickleness of woman.

"I pity you," she said moving nearer, "I would like to help you, but oh! how can I? It would be betraying my country to let you escape with the plans of our fortifications.

She paused irresolute. He had risen and stood with head bent, too proud to beg further. After a moment's thought, Marjory's face brightened, she spoke earnestly.

"I will help you, if you will give your word of honor not to use the information you gained in the Confederate fort."

"Would you trust the word of a perfect stranger?" he said, a look of surprise and pleasure crossing his worn face.

"Yes," she replied, "something tells me you will keep your word."

"But I can't give the promise you ask. I have sworn to die if necessary for my country. It would be breaking that oath to do as you wish. I would be unworthy the trust you place in me if I did. No! I must try and struggle on. If I escape I shall remember your wish to help me. If I am taken, my last thought will be of your kindness."

Their conversation was at this moment interrupted by a crashing in the bushes a hundred yards or so away. Captain Lane started and turned hurriedly to run in the other direction. He was interrupted by Marjory speaking in a determined voice.

"I cannot let you go to your death, I will help you at any cost. Follow me."

She started to run toward the house, Lane, given renewed strength by hope, following close behind. As they neared the house and were just about to round the corner which would conceal them from the spot in the woods that they had left, their pursuers burst into the open. Almost instantly they spied the fugitives and with a shout rode after them.

"Come on," the girl panted. "I can't hide you in the house. Mother would never consent to help a Yankee."



She turned as she spoke and ran toward the large tobacco barns at the back of the house, which concealed them from the Confederates. Marjory pulled open the door of the largest. The daylight was fading fast and it was very dim within, but the girl, familiar with the place from childhood, found her way easily to the spot she sought. This was a loose board in one corner. She pushed it aside disclosing an opening about eighteen inches wide leading to the space under the floor. In happier days before the war it had been a place of concealment during games of hide and seek. Now it was to save a man's life. Marjory pointed to it and said, "There, you can lie safely until they are gone then I will bring you food and help you to get away."

Thanking her for her help he slid into the opening, she pushed the board back into the place leaving him in total darkness. She next pulled some bunches of tobacco leaves over the place and left the building.

As she came into the open air, Marjory heard angry voices at the front of the house. She entered by the back way and flew up the stairs to her own room, which commanded a view of the front of the house. Raising the sash softly she looked down. In the dim light she saw a group of men and horses gathered about the steps. One of the men, with his foot resting on the lower step and his bridle over his arm, was speaking to a person hidden from Marjory's sight right by the roof of the porch.

"I tell you madam he must be here, for we saw him and another person go behind your house not five minutes ago and he could not have reached the woods before my men surrounded the place."

"How dare you accuse me of hiding a Yankee, sir?" came to Marjory in her mother's voice.

"Me! the wife of Colonel Carew, one of the most loyal Southerners in Lee's army. You insult me sir! Leave the place instantly!"

"Madam, you mistake me," said the officer politely but firmly.



"I know your husband well and would be the last to suspect one of his family of knowingly concealing a Northern spy. Never the less he might be hidden here without your knowledge. Therefore I can not leave until I have thoroughly searched your out-buildings and negro quarters."

"Certainly, you are at liberty to look in the barns," said Mrs. Carew, a good deal mollified by the assurance that her loyalty to the south was not brought into question. The officer bowed and turned to give orders to his men.

Marjory remained at the window, and with fast beating heart, watched the flashing of lights among the buildings as the soldiers conducted their search with a great burden lifted from her, she saw them return without the fugitive, mount and ride away. When the jingling of spurs and the clatter of hoofs had died away, the girl turned and went down stairs to the evening meal.

As she had expected, her mother made many inquiries as to where she had been. She evaded going into detail by saying that she had been walking in the woods and had since been in her room. The old lady immediately plunged into an account of the visit of the soldiers which lasted through supper. All the evening Marjory was nervous and preoccupied, waiting for the time to arrive when she might carry food to the concealed spy.

At last it came, her mother closed her book and went up stairs leaving Marjory pretending to read. The girl waited impatiently until she thought her mother must be asleep. Then, first filling a basket with food, she stole from the house and swiftly crossed the space to the old barn. She opened the door. All was still within. The moon shining brightly outside, filtered in through the cracks and lighted the great building dimly. Half frightened by the shadows and the stillness she hesitated an instant and then quickly crossed the floor and pulled away the tobacco that hid the loose plank. She raised this and saw the man lying on his side asleep. The girl knelt and touched his ragged sleeve saying, "Wake up, it's time to fly."

He started up with an exclamation. He looked around dazed,



then the sight of the girl brought back the memory of what had happened.

"Have I been asleep. The last I remember the soldiers were here looking everywhere, then they went away. After that I must have fallen asleep from exhaustion.

"Yes," she said.

"I have brought you food, you must eat and then I will direct you on your way."

Little was said during the meal. When it was finished they left the building together. The Northerner greatly revived by rest and food.

Once outside Marjory pointed northward. A mile beyond those trees is the river. Once beyond it you will be comparatively safe, but do not stop an instant until you reach your army."

He took her hand saying simply, "Good bye."

"Good bye, and may you reach your army safely."

He turned and walked away. But his mind was not on his journey. It was occupied by a vision of a fair girl standing in the moonlight by a garden gate. A vision that would stay with him through the years and if he lived, bring him back to the sunny south. Marjory watched him out of sight and then stole into the house. Often in after days her thoughts strayed to the man she had saved.



## The Tale of the Comet

A fine young comet went out to play  
One beautiful morn in the month of May;  
And many admiring glances were cast  
On this fine young fellow who traveled so fast.

He looked upon Venus for many a day  
For this beautiful creature stood right in his way.  
Her enticing glances he failed to resist  
But rushed to her side and her fair brow he kissed.

The wise men on earth had the time all set  
When the earth by the comet at length should be met;  
And you may well guess they were greatly dismayed  
To think that the comet by Venus was stayed.

The traveler however just gave them the laugh  
And straightway continued his heavenly path.  
He treated those who were waiting with scorn  
Leaving them feeling indeed quite folorn.

But ever he went at the same rapid rate  
And left the old world to its predestined fate.  
And still the wise men ponder and fear  
The comet's return after many a year.

H. F. B., '10.



## Grandma Goes to the Game

Well, well come in Mis' Dawson. I was jest thinkin' about you and wonderin' if you'd heard about what the High School girls are doin' these days. Seems like us old ladies livin' right here in Sunnyville all these years don't know nothin' about what's goin' on any more'n if we was residin' on Halley's Comet. That reminds me, I've been readin' where they say the comet, but that aint what I started to tell you.

Night before last--that's Friday--I know it was because I always wind the clock Friday night and I was up on the chair doin' it when in come Millie and nearly knocked me off and says, "Grandma, you must go to the game tonight!"

"What game?" I says.

"Basket ball," she says. "Our high school girls are goin' to play the Millburg girls. Won't you come with me? I'm tryin' to get Ma to let me play and if you see the game and coax her maybe she'll let me."

So I says, "Well, Millie, I ain't much for that kind o' do-  
ins' but I'll go to please you, I guess."

Well Mis' Dawson, you should o' been there. We sat up in the gallery and I waited expectin' to see the young ladies march in all in their pretty fresh lawns, with sashes and little bats tied with ribbons when in come rompin' 6 or 7 girls in them sweaters the boys wear and bloomers of dark blue stuff without even a skirt over 'em. I saw Annie Barton right away and I thought to myself, "Poor Mis' Barton, how will she feel?" She was sittin' right by me and do you know she jest looked down and waved at Annie and smiled and said to me, "What a fine color that peaked girl o' mine's gettin'. She says she feels fine when she gets them easy, loose things on and romps around with the ball and the other girls."



Well, in come another bunch of girls. I guess they was girls, with bright red shirts, havin' big Ms embroidered on 'em.

Pretty soon a whistle tooted and a man threw up the ball and they started pell-mell after it. I didn't know nothin' about it but everybody else seemed to think it was powerful excitin' and kept clappin' and screamin' all the time. Little Annie flung the ball into one of them hoops once and the boys cheered and yelled like mad, especially that Briggs boy. Then one of the girls in the red shirts tried to toss it in and some rowdies tried to flustrate her and I guess they did 'cause she got all red and missed and one of them said, "good" so everyone could hear; but I was glad to see none of the High School boys did that.

All of a sudden the whistle blew and they stopped playin' and went off but in about ten minutes here they were again and started off like that pair of colts of John William's did when they heard the train whistle.

Two of the girls on each side kept tryin' to throw the ball in the hoops all the time and the others kept tryin' to get 'em not to but they did it once in a while anyway, and I was jest beginnin' to ketch on a little when the whistle blew again and I saw that man put his arm around Annie and lead her away, she a holdin' one foot in her hand.

"Land!" I thought to myself what if Mis' Barton faints, and I began feelin' for my smellin' salts that I always carry in my little bag, when she says, "That's Annies game ankle again. I hope it doesn't stop the game long."

Well, I thought I wouldn't worry if she didn't. The girls, they all threw themselves down on the floor 'till Annie come a limpin' back and they began again.

"Three minutes more!" I heard some one say. Annie was a standin' with the ball all ready to throw. "Six to six," Mrs. Barton whispered, we've got to beat 'em!"

Annie, she jest missed by a hair and the other side grabbed it up and sent it down to their end and began workin' like fury. I was standin' up by this time. They were jest sure of throwin' it in when Sue Green caught it and give it a fling the



whole length of the room and there was Annie all ready for it. Quick as lightning she fired it in and I was screamin' and yellin' "8 to 6, 8 to 6! Hooray for our girls!"

Mrs. Barton was poundin' my back and Millie was haulin' at my coat and screamin, 'Aint it great? Let's go and see the girls."

I says "You run on. I'm goin' to see your mother."

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## Sonnet

### (The Poppy Didactic)

A golden poppy bloomed one summer day.  
Its face uplifted to the bright blue sky,  
With heaven's radiance it seemed to vie.  
It filled me with a feeling of dismay.  
I longed to be a poppy bright and gay  
That I might ne'er have cause to grieve or sigh,  
And be contented as the days passed by--  
Without a single care through all life's way.  
But while I looked the poppy seemed to fade.  
The breezes blew its petals to the ground  
And there it stood with all its beauty gone.  
I was content to be as I was made,  
The value of my life at length I'd found;  
My happiness had only reached its dawn.  
H. F. B., '10.



## Impressions of Switzerland

A little country set high up in the mountains, a play ground for all the world—that is Switzerland. Thither for recreation go people of all nationalities when worn out by the rush and fever of city life. There are no large cities in Switzerland. A sojourn there is like taking a walk through cool green woods when one is hot, tired and worried. It refreshes physically, mentally and morally. Life there is so simple, so close to a fresh clean nature—a nature of majestic, snowy mountains, ever calmly looking down on the valleys below, of clear skies, blue lakes, splendid rocks and tumbling rivers.

The Swiss are a country people, but they are not merely a nation of cow-herders and cheese-makers. They are astute, clear-sighted. Their fine railway system (which is owned by the government), their clean inns, and careful provision for the comfort of travelers—these draw thousands of tourists annually to the country. The Swiss are often called a nation of hotel keepers; they are the finest hotel keepers in the world. Everything they have to do with is orderly and clean. They are an honest, thrifty people, tho' not handsome, and like all mountain races, serious rather than gay. There are very few crimes among the Swiss; their chief vice is absinthe—drinking, and the government is stopping the sale of that drink in one canton after another. Absinthe, a pale green liquor made from Annis root, is very intoxicating.

In Switzerland there are two seasons, winter and summer. Then there are a few rainy months in spring and a few months in the fall when the snow is mushy, and when hardly any tourists go to the country. But in summer and winter the land swarms with foreigners and on all sides sounds the jabbering of many languages. In winter the world goes there to skate, ski or toboggan—in summer to climb mountains and enjoy all sorts of expeditions in a land smiling in sunshine and full of the scent of wild flowers.

Switzerland falls into three divisions; in the northeast German is spoken and German customs prevail, in the south Itali-



an, and in the west French. The country is divided into cantons, similar to our counties. The capital of the confederation is situated at Berne where there are magnificent government buildings.

I spent the summer of 1908 in Switzerland. The first three months of it in the Jura Mountains, the western range. Between it and the Alps lies a plain, the Swiss plateau. Here are the famous lakes, Neufchatel, Geneva, etc. Lovers of Switzerland know the shapes of all her mountains, and the best places for making ascents. In fact many of them get to know the



country like a book, for they form the habit of going year after year to spend their vacations there.

We rented a chalet in Ballaigues, a tiny village hung on the side of a steep valley thro' which trains rush back and forth. This valley was one of the famous old passes between Italy and Gaul, and in one part of it may be seen the remnants of an old Roman road—deep ruts worn in the solid rocky bottom by wheels of carts and chariots. We lived very simply at Ballaigues, in the same style as one would in a cottage at a California seaside resort. The village ought to have been named Bellaigues for there is an eternal tinkling of cow-bells about it day and night. The Swiss cattle are a



gentle dun colored breed. During the summer, when the snows have melted, they are pastured with the goats high up on the mountains. At all hours of the day boys and men come long distances down the mountain paths carrying cans of milk on their backs. In the villages this milk is made into butter or cheese. Much of it is also used in the manufacture of milk-chocolate which has recently become one of the leading products of the country.

The first of August is the Fete Nationale of the Swiss. At eight in the evening bells are rung in all the villages. We were



just finishing dinner that evening when they began to ring and we went out on our balcony to listen to them. They marked the opening of the celebration.

A few mornings later we made the ascension of "La Dent de Vanlion," one of the highest peaks in the Juras. It was a perfect day, clear as a jewel. "La Bise," the wind from the east always brought two or three days of perfect weather when the whole line of the Alps would shine out startlingly clear and near at hand. The route up the mountain was marked by dabs of red paint on rocks and trees, just enough leaves had fallen on the paths to make them slippery. Half way up we came out on a tiny plateau, and sighted the "Lac de Joux," a blue



splurge away below us, on the plateau were some cows, and a chalet, with a man, some cheeses, and a smell in it. But talk about smells! Most Swiss villages can hold their own in that particular with any in the world. For in spring the dung and straw from the cow-houses is stacked up in various places along the streets. When it has got thro' being soaked by the rains, it dries, and when hard is used for fuel. Were it not for the beautifully pure mountain air, it would be a source of unhealthiness. From the summit of "La Dent" we had a fine view of western Switzerland. All around us snowy peaks, and below forest covered slopes, mountain meadows, each with its toy dun-colored herd and tiny grey chalet, then, still lower, glimpses of villages with their red-roofed cottages, and dotted here and there with misty blue lakes.

One evening, shortly after our trip up "La Dent" we experienced our first thunder storm. It swept up sudden and furious from the west, across and past us and on to the Alps, calm and clear in the east. We sat at the windows watching and listening to the bang and roll of the thunder like cannons echoing all over the heavens. The storm was a succession of gusts. When the lightning was bad the electric plant people shut off the current and in intervals of comparative calm they turned it on again. This made rather an amusing variety.

Later we were to learn how frequent these mountain storms are. They suddenly spring to life in a clear sky and spread all over it in a few minutes. Everyone rushes for shelter, as opening with rumblings of thunder, the storm bursts forth in a perfect passion of fury which lasts from fifteen minutes to half an hour. Then all is serene again. A few clouds rest in the sky and the ground and everything is dripping wet, as out from houses and sheds come the village people to resume their ordinary occupations, so unceremoniously interrupted.

Before the summer was past we had experienced many more of the surprises which this glorious land of Switzerland holds in store for nature lovers, and which have made her a Mecca for travelers from all parts of the globe.

Katharine M. Douglas.



## High School Prophecy

I sat one day in silent thought  
Alone in a garden where poppies grew ;  
My mind in the mist of the past was caught  
While I spent an hour with a chosen few.  
I pondered o'er in this happy hour  
My days in the Cloverdale High,  
And my old school friends of years long past,  
'Till in vision they came before my eyes:—  
In a mansion built of stone and cement  
With splendid arch and towering pillar,  
His mind upon his work intent,  
I recognized Professor Miller.  
Near by conversing in earnest tones,  
Reviewing it seemed in Latin, a course,  
Stood a tall thin man and a lady fair,  
She turned, and I saw Miss Ada Morse.  
A noise of laughter struck my ears—  
A jolly crowd, and issuing from it  
Sounds of voices, and kissing, and tears—  
Miss Douglas was back from a trip to the comet.  
I joined the others gathered 'round  
To hear her tell of her travels,  
And listening to her story I found  
A wonderful tale she unraveled.  
She told of the people she met on the way,  
And many were scholars of old,  
She had found them happy, bright, and gay  
And this is the tale that she told:—  
Once fatigued from travel she'd stopped to rest  
At a wayside inn of renown



And the landlord who bowed to receive his guest  
Was none other than Cecil Gowan.  
He smilingly touched a silver bell;  
But just then in a stunning gown  
Through the great hall a lady swept,  
T'was the authoress, Hazel Browne,  
They greeted each other, but turning soon  
Outside they beheld another old friend,  
Fay Northcott approaching in a balloon;  
She was bound for Canada a year to spend.  
And guiding the dirigible down through the air,  
So careful and cautious Dan Sink seemed  
That no harm should befall his passenger fair—  
T'was a precious charge they deemed.  
That night some orators were to be heard,  
So a crowd assembled in the town hall,  
And all applauded when appeared  
H. Belford, announcing the speakers all,  
A political meting it was, he said,  
And William McCabe was the name  
Of the candidate all were working for  
In this "equal vote" campaign.  
And on the platform beside him sat  
Emma Sedgley, approving all that was said;  
She was grown matronly, staid, and fat.  
From time to time she turned her head  
To hear Leslie Kingwell eager to speak  
A word for the cause of the suffragettes,  
Or Isabel Grant in accents meek  
Whisper, "woman deserves far more than she gets."  
In the midst of Will's peroration grand  
A "honk, honk" warned them of the approach  
Of a crowd of sight-seers passing by  
With horns and an automobile coach.  
They'd been speeding carelessly through the town,  
Neglecting the ordinance in their rush,  
Till quietly halted by Marshall Browne



Who'd seen at the wheel an old friend—T. Brush.  
The car was filled with people you know—  
Evelyn Smith, and Florence Lyle,  
Delmar Vassar, quite the beau,  
All toggged up in the latest style;  
Anita Grant, and Lola Lea,  
Married and chaperoning, and so  
Trying to act with dignity.  
Browne fined them ten dollars and let them go.  
As next day in the train our traveler sat,  
A man stopped before her, "Fare if you please;"  
The voice was familiar—still thin as a rat,  
Clyde Burgess, conductor, seemed quite at his ease.  
The brakeman now entered, and what do you think!  
Though bearded and whiskered, she saw from afar  
It was our old friend Jonathan Sink;  
He told of some others in the next car:  
Frank Belford, dentist, at his side  
Clara B,  
Ethel Graham, her husband and children five.  
Gertrude L. famed from sea to sea  
As the greatest prima donna alive—  
He broke off and darted to the door,  
The train stopped, Presley Abshire clambered on.  
He had been upon a man of war,  
And the sailor was now returning home.  
Before the train started on again  
A sign across the street she spied,  
"Old maids' home;" John was waving with might and  
main,  
And signals from the house replied.  
In the door, her hair done up in curls,  
Ruth Belcher stood with another girl,  
Nettie Beasley, still looking prim,  
But waving away with plenty of vim,  
As slowly the train from the station passed.  
Where it went I knew not for a dimness came



I slowly opened my eyes at last  
And all around me poppies grew.

M. T., '13.

Just then Maud's husband came out into the garden to say  
that both the children were crying and that he smelled the cake  
she was baking for their party that afternoon burning in the  
oven.





## A Glimpse of Cloverdale

One day in answer to the alluring summons of spring I found myself rambling over a low range of hills to the east of Cloverdale. On a spur I stopped in ecstasy. Below me wrapped in morning sunshine encircled by mountains, seemingly asleep under the soft blue canopy of the sky was the prettiest little town I have ever seen; shut in from the outer world by its cordon of mountains, it lay as if under a spell of enchantment.

Most of the houses, nestled among trees, were half hidden from view, but a few of the public buildings were plainly visible. To the south the rectangular block of the town pavilion overtopped by the roofs of neighboring hotels; to the north the irregular shape of the school building sentineled by a squad of sturdy oaks.

Close by on a knoll to my left stood the tall white monuments of the cemetery, fantastic shapes; a party of ghosts come out for a noonday bath in the warm, inviting sunshine.

Below the town, winding in and out like a silver thread through the valley, flowed the beautiful Russian River. Brown vineyards and orchards just bursting into bloom stretched away from the outskirts of Cloverdale. Behind these rose on all sides steep rugged mountains covered with fir and redwood, their peaks half hidden in a soft blue haze.

Turning away from the valley, I confronted the rocky summit of Lone Pine Mountain where it cut the horizon. At its foot were the blue rocks of Sulphur Creek, and toward these I directed my foot steps. Spreading oaks waved their branches above me as I passed down over a carpet of soft green grass dotted here and there with buttercups and shooting stars.

Gertrude Ludwig, '13.



## School Twenty Years Afterwards

After twenty years' absence from my old home, one day a longing came over me to return. Although many of the people I knew had left or passed away I determined to go back if only for a day.

On driving up West Street I easily recognized all the old buildings which had not been demolished, even though many new and tall ones overshadowed these landmarks.

As I saw none but strange faces I proceeded up the street till I saw a familiar old house set back among the shady oaks. It was the school house, the same as when I used to attend, except that it looked older and shabbier. I was surprised at not seeing a fine new structure, but found out later that there was a new school house on the hill, the old one being used for the High School.

It was recess. The boys were playing ball and were fighting about it as they did twenty years ago.

I wanted to go back again, so I entered the old portals, and seeing no one ascended the steep and narrow stairs. The old bell-rope still dangled over the wood-box and the ladder was in its place so that the janitor could go up in the attic and fix the bell when the boys turned it over, which was often.

The first room was empty. I was glad because an unaccountable loneliness was stealing over me. Back by the stove was my old seat and I marched down the aisle and "took it." As I shut my eyes memories came back. There stood the teacher, book in hand ready to call the roll, looking sharply to left and to right in order to catch some unruly boy talking. My name was called. I answered mechanically, and then came the order, "Pass to your classes." Taking up my battered history I shuffled out with the rest of them talking to my chum behind me, while in front two girls were giggling.

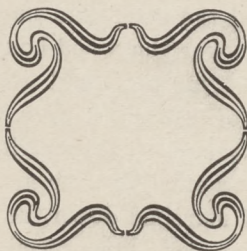


Suddenly my reverie was ended, and opening my eyes I perceived that a pretty young lady was looking at me curiously with a smile on the half parted lips. Confused, I tried to explain my presence and asked if I might remain.

When the students came in I was introduced and asked to speak a few words to them, just as I had seen other visitors do. I never thought that the opportunity would ever come to ME. Perceiving a look of gladness pass over the faces before me I felt flattered at first, but on second thought a light dawned on me that left me sympathetic, if no longer flattered. Hadn't I been glad when some old fellow came to talk? Well I determined to talk as long as possible. I guess the children felt satisfied even if the teacher didn't.

After visiting a few classes I took my leave with a feeling of sadness and a longing for the days of Auld Lang Syne.

DAN SINK, '11.





## C. H. S. Students Catalogued by Chaucer

Me thinketh it accordant to resoun,  
To telle yow al the condicioun  
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,  
And whiche they weren, and of what degree

CECIL GOWAN—

Ful longe were his legges and ful lene  
Y-lik a staf, there was no calf y-sene.

FAY NORTHCOTT—

She was so charitable and so pitous  
She wolde wepe if that she sawe a mous  
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.

DAN SINK—

Nowher so bisy a man as he thier was  
And yet he semed bisier than he was

WILL McCABE—

He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen  
That seith that hunters been nat holy men.

HERBERT BELFORD—

He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

EMMA SEDGLEY—

And French she spak ful, faire and fetisly.

ISABELLE GRANT—

And of hir smyling was ful simple and coy.

JOHN SINK—

He was as fresh as is the month of May.

W. T. BRUSH, JR.—

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright  
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.

FRANK BELFORD—

And certainly he was a good felawe.

LLOYD BROWNE—

No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have  
As smothe it was as it were latey-shave.



DELMAR VASSAR—

Ther-to he strong was as a champion.

ANITA GRANT—

For hardily she was nat undergrowe.

ETHEL GRAHAM—

Y-wimpled wel and on her heed an hat

As brood as is abokeler or a targe.

FLORENCE LYLE—

Ful pleasant and amiable of port.

EVELYN SMITH—

Her mouth ful small, and ther-to softe and reed.

LOLA LEE—

Ful many a deyntee hors hadde she in stable.

CLYDE BURGESS—

And of his port as meek as is a mayde.

LESLIE KINGWELL—

And certainly he hadde a mery note

Welconde he singé and pleyen on a rote.

PRESLEY ABSHIRE—

And he was nat right fat, I undertake.

MAUDE THOMPSON—

Ful wel she song the service divyne.

CLARENCE PRUITT—

Singing he was or floytinge al the day.

GERTRUDE LUDWIG—

In felawship wel conde she laughe and carpe.

NETTIE BEASLEY—

Up-on air amblere esily she sat.

CLARA BOWMAN—

And al was conscience and tendre herte.

RUTH BELCHER—

In curteisye was set ful moche her lest.

Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,

Al have I nat set folk in his degree

Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde;

My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.



## A Walk to "Sugar Loaf"

On a warm May morning a party of teachers and students started for the summit of "Sugar Loaf." At first the walking was good though we kept mounting steadily.

As we ascended, the view widened. To the west the great curve of the Russian River Valley could be traced for miles, with the blue mountains beyond, rising ridge on ridge until they were lost on the horizon.

We crossed the boundary from Sonoma into Mendocino County and came to the foot of the mountain proper. Our easy climbing was at an end and a sharp ascent before us. The mountain seemed to rise straight into the air. Its sides were covered with brush about waist high and so thick in some places that we had difficulty in scrambling through it.

At last hot and breathless, we arrived at a little open space on the very top. We now stood on a spot more than three thousand feet above the sea level and the panorama spread before us was worth the climb.

The view was one of the best in this part of the country. Below us lay portions of four counties, Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake and Napa. On every side were mountains varying in color from the vivid green of the nearest, through every shade of blue until they grew hazy with distance. A few hundred yards away to the west stood the giant tree, known throughout northern Sonoma and southern Mendocino counties as "Lone Pine." To the north was the valley of Little Pieta Creek. To the northeast, its head showing above the nearer hills, rose Mount Uncle Sam in Lake county and beyond in the far distance the blue ranges east of Clear Lake. To the east was seen the high fir-covered ridge of Cobb Mountain, Sulphur Creek Canyon and the Geysers at its base. On the southeastern sky-line stood out Mount St. Helena, more than forty miles



away in Napa county. Nearer on the south was Geyser Peak the highest point in Sonoma county, being over four thousand feet high. To the west lay the Russian River Valley which could be seen from Ukiah to Healdsburg. Below us in the valley eight miles away we recognized our home town of Cloverdale.

After looking at the grand sight for some time we descended by an easier path than that by which we ascended. Near the foot we found a beautiful, clear, cold spring. Refreshed by a drink we continued the descent and arrived home without further adventure.

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## C H. S. Glee Club

The C. H. S. Glee Club was organized about the first of December for the purpose of increasing the interest in music in the school. Cecil Gowan was chosen manager; Miss Morse, director; and Mrs. Miller, accompanist. Meetings were held weekly at the homes of the different members, many of which proved to be a social as well as a musical pleasure.

The Club has on several occasions furnished music for the literary meetings of the O. V. L., and has been asked to give a selection on the commencement program.

Following are the members: Sopranos—Ethel Graham, Maude Thompson, Emma Sedgley, Gertrude Ludwig. Altos—Hazel Browne, Miss Morse. Tenors—Cecil Gowan, Presley Abshire, Clyde Burgess. Basses—Charley Walbridge, Leslie Kingwell, W. T. Brush, Clarence Pruitt, Cecil Abshire.



## The O. V. L. Society

Within the last year the motto, O. V. L. (Labor Conquers All) has been made public, but another and secret motto has been adopted. During the past year the members of the society have tried to make the O. V. L. a reality and we hope with some measure of success.

The first thing undertaken this year aside from the regular semi-monthly program was a play at the end of the first term.

The Cloverdale Reveille says: Wednesday night the young people of the Cloverdale Union High School gave a very successful play at Humbert's Opera house. It was entitled "Captain Rackett," a comedy in three acts, and the players received many encomiums from the large audience gathered to hear them. Each and every one in the cast acquitted himself or herself in a manner that merited praise, and the audience was not slow in giving it. Captain Robert Rackett of the national guard, a lawyer when he had nothing else to do, and "a liar all the time," was in the hands of Dan Sink, and he sustained the character well. His uncle, Obadiah Dawson, sustained by Will McCabe, and Timothy Tolman, his friend, who "married for money and is sorry of it," the latter by Cecil Gowan, were clever. Frank Belford as Hobson, a waiter, and W. T. Brush, Jr., as Mr. Dalroy, a jolly cove, were all that could be desired. Isabelle Grant was Clarice, the captain's pretty wife, out for a lark and "up to anything awful," and upheld the character nicely, while Ethel Graham made much of the character of Katy, the mischievous maid, and Hazel Browne as Mrs. Tolman, a lady with a temper that caused no end of trouble, sustained her part admirably.

The play over, the chairs were moved back and the remainder of the evening was devoted to a social dance. The affair was



a most enjoyable one and netted the O. V. L. Society a substantial sum.

In accordance with a custom of several years standing the society was represented by an exhibit at the Citrus Fair. It was an Indian tepee, worked up in various kinds of citrus fruits. As a result we received seventh prize.

The school has been busy for some time preparing for the Senior Reception. A play, "Tompkin's Hired Man," is to be given. The cast of characters is as follows:

Mr. Asa Tompkins, a prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate  
deceit ..... Will McCabe  
Dixey, the hired man, one of nature's noblemen, Cecil Gowan  
John Remington, a fine young fellow in love with Louise..  
.. ..... Dan Sink  
Jerry, a half-grown, awkward country lad..... Frank Belford  
Louise, the adopted daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes  
to be his own ... ..... Isabelle Grant  
Julia, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins  
..... Emma Sedgley  
Ruth, a niece of Mrs. Tompkins, boarding at the Tompkins  
homestead ..... Ethel Graham  
Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, a woman with a secret that embitters  
her ..... Nora Pruitt

After the play there will be a dance and a good time is anticipated.



## Social Notes

One of the most enjoyable parties of the year was that given by Mrs. W. T. Brush, in honor of the birthday of our school-mate, "W. T." It was a fancy dress party and many were the clever and beautiful costumes worn by the boys and girls. The spacious Brush parlors, decorated in our own blue and gold, made a handsome setting for the cotillion that closed the evening.

On the completion of the new High School Laboratory, a house warming was given to the scholars by the chemistry class. Games and a spread made the evening an enjoyable one.





## Girls' Basket Ball

Ethel Graham, '12.

The Girls' Basket Ball Team was not organized until the latter part of this semester, as the burning of the Citrus Fair Pavilion prevented our practicing. As soon as a new court was provided we organized our team with Hazel Browne, '10, as manager, and Isabelle Grant, '11, as captain.

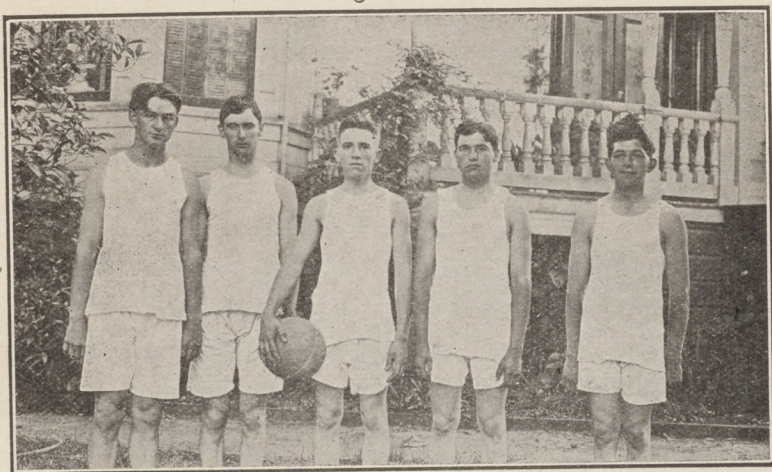
On May 14th we played our first game with the Healdsburg High with the following team:

Center, Isabelle Grant; Goals, Ethel Graham, Hazel Browne; Guards, Anita Grant, Louise Wilson. Substitute, Emma Sedgley.

The result of the game was 11 to 7 in favor of our team.

No more games were played this year as our attention had to be turned toward Commencement preparations.





## Boys' Basket Ball

Owing to the inability of the High School to obtain the Citrus Fair Pavilion in which to play they did not have a team until very late in the season. Only one match game was played, that with Healdsburg in which the Blue and Gold waved supreme to the score of 20 to 8.

The line-up was as follows: John Sink, guard; Dan Sink, guard; W. T. Brush, Jr., center; Presley Abshire, forward; Will McCabe, captain, forward.

In this game the boys won by their clever team work.

Will McCabe, '11.





Jean Smith, '93, who taught at Lytton last year, has been teaching manual training at Chino, where she has given such entire satisfaction that she has been urged to continue during the coming year.

Russel Cameron, '95, who for a number of years was engaged in business in Cloverdale, has now moved to Healdsburg.

Frank Yordi, '95, and his wife (Ethel Caldwell, '03) are now living in San Diego.

Albert Kleizer, '97, is studying vocal music in New York. He is receiving great encouragement from both teachers and friends, who predict great success for him in the musical world.

Mrs. Roberts (Alice Caldwell, '03) is now visiting in Cloverdale.

Mrs. Bruning, (Annie Koester, '01) is a resident of Penn-grove.

Margaret Menihan, '03, has a position in the recorder's office at U. C.

Alice Porterfield, '03, is residing in Berkeley.

Hiram Casey, '04, completes his post graduate course in law this year.

Marion Chase, '05, has during the past year been acting as librarian and assistant in manual training in the Cloverdale school.

Mrs. Frank McAbee (Ethel Lile, '06) of Watsonville, is visiting with relatives in Cloverdale.



Pearl Pruitt, '08, has joined the matrimonial ranks, and is now Mrs. Wm. Spencer. She is making her home in San Francisco.

Mattie Elliott, '08, and Emily Seamore, '08, graduate this year from the San Jose Normal.

Hazel Shelford, '09, is spending the summer in Oregon.

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### FORMER STUDENTS

Lucy Baer and Jeanette Dehay, formerly of this High School, will graduate this year from the Berkeley and Mission (San Francisco) High Schools.

Charley Walldridge, a former C. H. S. student of the '10 class, took part in the "Dipsea" cross country race, September 5, taking second place, his time being fifty six minutes, thirty seconds. In the P. A. A. cross country race (March 20) of seven miles, he came out fifth, his time in this race being sixty minutes, twenty-three seconds.

Reba Pruitt has recently become Mrs. Ed Elliott and lives near Cloverdale.

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### FORMER TEACHERS

Mr. Cauch has charge of the manual training department in the Oakland Public school.

Miss Leddy is a teacher in the Santa Rosa High School.

Mr. Kilkeny is principal of the Salinas High School.

Mr. Dickerson, and wife (Miss Howard, a former C. H. S. teacher) are now living in San Francisco, where Mr. Dickerson is a teacher in the Polytechnic High School.

Miss Hilda Jones (Mrs. Johnson) is now living in Berkeley.

Miss Lynn is a teacher in Modesto.

Miss Ida Body is now teaching in the Winters High School.


Miss Bess Hudson is a teacher in the Alameda public school.

Miss Ada Jordan is teaching in the High School at Chico.

Miss Berthe Matignon is teaching this year in the Fresno High School.

W. B. Netherton now resides in Petaluma, where he is agent for an insurance company.





# Exchanges

The Spectator office staff has taken a great deal of pleasure in reading the exchanges and feels that the High Schools of the State are to be congratulated upon the improvement in school journalism shown by this year's books and papers. We hope to receive exchanges from more schools and thank those who have remembered us.

"Sotoyoman," We wish to thank you for your interest and kind wishes to our "Spectator." You certainly do well to get out such a good paper every month. We have several numbers on hand and find them very interesting. Would like to see more.

"The Mills College Magazine" for February has a very good literary department. Nevertheless we think a few jokes would add to our enjoyment of the paper.

"White and Gold," Your 1909 Commencement number was well gotten up and is one of our best exchanges. You surely have some good talent in your school. We particularly noticed the department headings which were cleverly done.

"The Caduceus" from Chico is the best exchange we have received and we hope we will be favored with another number.

Another good exchange was "El Gabilan." The paper as a whole was good and it shows they have a wide awake school at Salinas.

"The Skirmisher" is surely typical of a military school paper, but we suggest you place the name of the city from which your paper comes, somewhere near the front.



"The Acorn," from Alameda is splendid. The cuts are fine and we agree with the editor's sentiments on "Doing Too Much." Come again, "Acorn."

The numbers of the "Janus," from Hanford, were quite interesting.

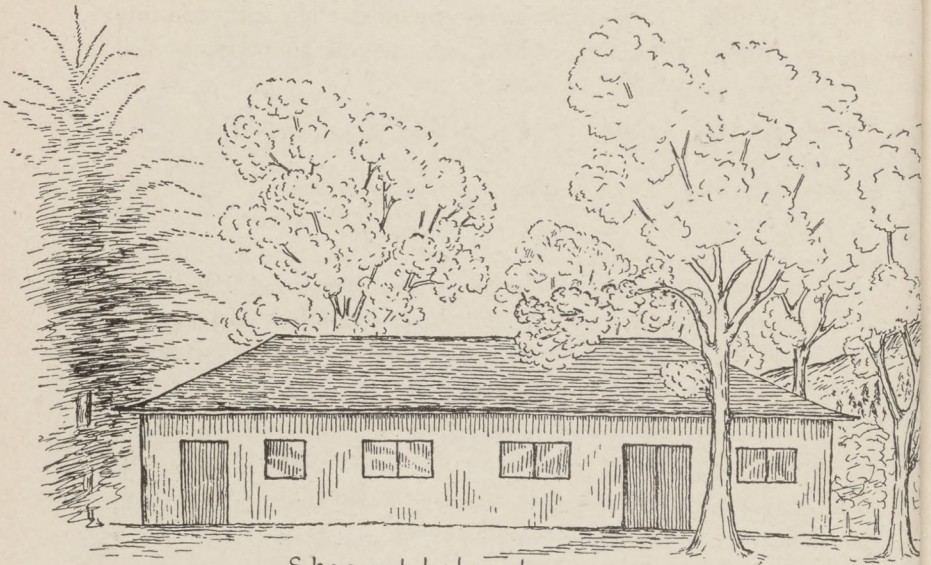
"Short and sweet  
And hard to beat."

We have nothing but encouragement to offer the "Misteltoe," from Willits High School, in publishing their first edition, and we consider that they have made a creditable showing which will probably be improved upon this year.

Just arrived—The Commencement number of the Dixon "Purple and Gold." The "tout ensemble" of the paper is good, cover neat, photographs artistic, drawings a trifle weak. The literary department does not quite equal the rest of the book in excellence.







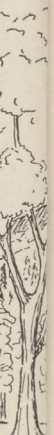
Shop and Laboratory  
Cloverdale High School  
Built by Students, 1910

## Building the Shop

Cloverdale is trying to be up to date in school matters. The boys and girls should be prepared for their work in life. The purely cultural studies of olden times are not enough. A farming community like ours needs to give the boys instruction in mechanical work, and the problems of agricultural life. The farmer needs a business training. Many farmers fail from a lack of business ability rather than in a lack of agricultural knowledge.

The Cloverdale school is trying to meet these needs. No improvement however great has been accomplished without some failures at the start. In breaking away from the old established line of school work mistakes will be made before success will be obtained. Considering all this, the Cloverdale school has been very fortunate in accomplishing the new things attempted.





It has been planned to have commercial work complete enough to fill the local needs, to have a good shop course and to develop agricultural subjects.

The shop was the first to be introduced. The difficulty was to erect and equip a suitable building. The boys volunteered to do the work and the trustees agreed to furnish the material.

Frank Belford, Presley Abshire, and Clyde Burgess, boys in the mechanical drawing class, worked up the plans and details, from which the amount of material was calculated. The cost was estimated at six hundred dollars (\$600.00). Completed as it now stands seven hundred and twenty-six dollars (\$726.00) were spent.

One hundred dollars of this could have been saved if the building had not have been so badly needed that towards the end a carpenter was hired to rush it through so that the chemistry class could use the laboratory.

The machinery and furnishings for the shop will cost about two hundred dollars when all installed. The shop and equipment represent an actual outlay of nine hundred dollars (\$900). It could not have been let out by contract and put up and furnished for less than sixteen hundred (\$1600) to two thousand (\$2000) dollars.

Everyone has helped in the work, the merchants and business men of the town selling the material at cost, and many patrons of the school donating a day's work or some material.

After the trustees had decided to furnish the material in the latter part of 1909, the boys were called together and put to work leveling up the foundations. All from the primary grades to the seniors in the High School worked like beavers.

The surveying class, Will McCabe, Cecil Gowan and Herbert Belford set the grade stakes for the foundation and for the laboratory and shop floors.

Old pipe from around town was gathered up and used for re-inforcing. As soon as the ditches were dug the larger boys commenced to mix and put in the cement. Presley Abshire and Frank Belford cut the framing and put it up. Not being journeyman carpenters they made one slip and one of the back



windows is a few inches higher than its companions. The walls were put up in December and January the cold weather almost froze part of them, so the boys thus had a valuable lesson in cement work. In those days I often wondered if it would be a failure and spent a good many days in doubtful forebodings.

But by the time the walls were up and the framing torn down confidence returned. The placing of the roof was a neat piece of work in which the boys did great credit for themselves in sawing the rafters, hips and jacks. Only three pieces were cut wrong. A good showing for a dozen green school boys. Cecil Gowan, commonly called shorty because of his full six feet, was the main stay in putting the rafters in place. I can see him yet holding them up while they were being toenailed on the walls. He did more than his share in those days.

After the rafters were up the boys took turns in putting on the sheathing and the flint coat roofing. Cecil Abshire and Oscar Reger were the best men on the roof. They are experts at cutting, laying and taring flint coat. Clyde Burgess did his share in putting up the shafting and belting for the lathe.

The boys often worked out of school hours.

W. T. Brush, Lloyd Browne, John and Dan Sink, and Delmar Vassar did a great deal of work on Saturdays.

When it was finished the boys celebrated by giving a feed in the shop itself one Thursday night, and the next day they had a basket picnic and games. Mr. Barker, city superintendent of the Santa Rosa schools came up and gave them a little talk.

The building is 76 feet long by 26 feet wide. The east end has the Chemistry and Physics Laboratories 26 feet by 32 feet, and the west end has the shop 26 feet by 44 feet. The shop is equipped with work benches, a blacksmith's forge, a drill press, a gasoline engine and a turning lathe.

A. W. MILLER.



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CLOVERDALE, CAL.





### I

In Cloverdale there lived a lad  
Of whom the town might say  
A kind and gentle heart he had—  
When he got his own way.

### II

Now in this town there lived a girl,  
As many girls there be,  
Both stylish, pretty, sweet and wise,  
And kind in a degree

### III

This girl and boy at first were friends,  
But soon a coolness grew;  
The boy to gain some private ends,  
Got mad and jealous too.

### IV

The quarrels seemed both sore and sad  
To every watching eye;  
And whilst they swore the boy was mad  
They swore the girl would cry.

### V

But soon a wonder came to light  
That showed them all they lied;  
The girl recovered from the slight,  
The boy it was that sighed.



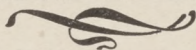
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Proprietors

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### Sidelights on Our Cecil

Bright Freshman in English Class, paraphrasing:

“And the bonnie lucken Gowan

Has fauldit up his 'ee”

“That must mean ‘And handsome, lucky, Cecil has gone to sleep.’”

Dan (translating Vergil): “And the mantle was embroidered with dogs that could be heard barking.”

On the Basket Ball court, W. Me. catches the ball and passes it to E. S.

E. S.: “Are you my catcher?”

W. Me.: “Would that I might be your catcher for life!”

E. S. (blushing): “This is so sudden.”

We are quite sure that none of the Sophomores will ever succumb to brain fever. How consoling it is that the teachers have one class that they are SURE will never overwork their brains.

Wanted: A girl! All applicants call between 1 and 2 p. m.  
Lloyd Browne.

---

### To Whom Does This Apply?

“Lit by the light of azure eyes,  
Like summer days, by summer skies  
Her sweet transitions seem to be  
A kind of pictured melody.”



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JOHN JUNE, Proprietor

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1. "The Charm of a Low Voice." By Lola Lea.
2. "The Value of Blushing." By Fay Northcott.
3. "That Sweet Retiring Manner and How to Assume it." By Ruth Belcher.

Miss M. (In Soph. Latin): "Ethel, throw that gum out of the window, next time you go out with it!"

Wonder why certain Sophomore girls are late nearly every morning?

"Oh those little tell-tale curls  
That so ornament those girls."

"Gum, paper, candy or toothpicks, it matters not which it is, just take it out of your mouth!"

Assistant primary teacher, librarian,  
Principal's secretary, but nobody's fool,  
She flits about, our sunny Maid Marian,  
Chief cook and bottle washer of the whole school.

Kingwell: "Every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it.

Belford: "Who? When?"

Kingwell: "Why, Shorty at the Glee Club.



GEO. CAVALLI

ROBT FLYNN

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of All Kinds

Lathe Turning and Flow  
Points Sharpened

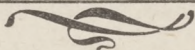
## O. C. WILLIAMS

### Sanitary Plumber

Agent for the  
Aermotor Windmill and Pumps

CLOVERDALE, CAL.

## The Italian Swiss Cash Store



Fancy and Staple Groceries  
Imported Italian and French Goods

F. C. MAGHETTI, Prop.

CLOVERDALE, CAL.

### What do You Think?

A Shave and  
a Drink (cold  
water)

15c

You Are Next Barber Shop

Two doors south of bank

### Not Hot Air

But Artistic Hair Cutting  
and Smooth Shaving

—AT—

TOPJIAN'S  
Tonsorial Parlors



### Ode to Bust of Caesar

Oh Caesar, perched on yon book shelf  
Thou do'st not look thine own true self  
As pictured in thy writings rare,  
Expounded by our teachers fair;

Hearing the Latin Class recite  
You really think it quite a slight,  
To hear your tales of Gallic wars  
Thus treated by those Sophomores,

No wonder that you get the blues  
Hearing them your lines confuse,  
How can you stay there in your place  
And take it with so straight a face!

But never mind, be of good cheer  
The Freshman class will soon be here.  
Then your brow so pale---nay, blue  
Will take again its natural hue.

Teachers (on meeting a Freshman lad and lass bound for the school house about 5:30 p. m.)

“Where are you two going?”

The lass. “To get my hat.”

The lad (truthfully): “That’s only an excuse for the walk.”

Question: Who were they?

How is Dan like the old Mexican Governments? He believes in grants. (Grants).

F. N.: “Listen! Is it fire?”

E. S.: “No. Only W. T. singing.”



Hours, 9 to 12; 1 to 5

Dr. C. H. Smith  
DENTIST



HUMBERT BUILDING  
Cloverdale, Cal.

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I. S. LEWIS.....

Real Estate and  
Insurance  
Agent

Loans Negotiated  
Property For Rent

GEO. WESTON

JEWELER AND  
OPTICIAN



Cloverdale, Cal.

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A. N. AHRENS

Manufacturer of the  
LA FLORIDAD  
CIGARS



Cloverdale :: California

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The Store With  
VALUES

The Store With  
STYLES

Yordi Mercantile Co.

EVERYTHING FOR SWELL  
EVERYBODY IN ...  
WEARING APPAREL

BEST QUALITIES

LOWEST PRICES



As long as the first of April rolls 'round  
There never shall cease to be found  
An innocent lad  
Who'll wish he had  
Not given that brick such a pound.

Miss M. (In Senior Latin): "Dan, you come here and stop talking to Hazel."

Dan: "We were only discussing nomens and cognomens."

Miss M: "Well, that doesn't change your name any."

Dan: "No, but I wanted to change her's."

There was a young man named Presley,  
And also another called Leslie.  
They both liked the girls,  
Their bright eyes and their curls,  
And why should they not? Why, bless me!

Miss D. in Sophomore English: "W. T., what relation was The Ancient Mariner's brother's son to him?"

W. T. (brightly) He was his grandson."

Isabelle (pulling the wool off her sweater): "This looks like picking a goose."

Dan: "Sure, that's what it is."

Teacher: "The Gods are eternal."

E. S. (looking frightened): "Are they alive now?"



Headquarters for Automobilists

Leading Hotel of Northern  
Sonoma County

## United States Hotel

M. MENIHAN, Proprietor

WEST STREET - - - Cloverdale, Cal.

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Phone Main 281

First Class Turnouts

## CLOVERDALE LIVERY AND FEED STABLE

Headquarters Geyser Stage Line  
All kinds of first class Hay

H. BARKER, Proprietor

CLOVERDALE, CAL.

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## The White House

S. PINSCHOWER, Proprietor

The Largest Dry Goods and Clothing House in  
Northern Sonoma

The Best Goods for Least Money

CLOVERDALE :: :: :: CALIFORNIA

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## Aloha Candy Store and Ice Cream Parlors



C. B. BEAULIEU, Prop.

Souvenir Post Cards  
Writing Materials  
Tamales  
Cigars  
Etc.

CLOVERDALE, CAL.



Tiny boy after hearing the High School Glee Club sing for the second time: "Why does that 'Billy Club' come to my house twice for?"

D. S. (thinking his yarn not altogether appreciated): That is a true story, and I will never tell another as long as I live."  
Spectators: "That passes."

#### To the Seniors

Here's to the Seniors  
Of haughty demeanors  
Here's to their future hopes,  
One a preacher,  
Another a teacher,  
The other a selling soft soaps.

May 14—A great victory, 21-11 for the anti-swell-head league.

I. G. in Basket Ball: "Time out! Wait until I get my heart untangled."

A Junior girl the other day made the startling statement that Lowell was born 1891 and took his degree 1838.

While floods of slang on his lips hung,  
A bee came by and Herbert cried, "Stung!"  
He roared aloud in awful pain,  
But all he heard was "Slang again?"



## The Cloverdale School

Every one recognizes that the old High School curriculum, preparing for entrance into the literary courses of the Universities was a failure. Its only purpose was to make classic scholars, often times giving a boy a distaste to work, and not making him capable of earning a living in professional lines. Its inability to meet modern needs is demonstrated by the fact that seventy per cent of the boys who enter high school never finish. The high school work should bear an intelligent relation to life, and be so useful that the students would be anxious to fill out the full four years.

Many high schools are introducing a great variety of extra courses trying to teach everything. This cannot be done. Cloverdale has avoided these two extremes, taking a middle course, giving a certain amount of cultural and fundamental work to all and at the same time allowing enough freedom for the students to choose (in consultation with their parents and the teachers) those subjects that bear upon the vocation they are fitted for or may have decided to follow. The student cannot learn everything. What he learns let him learn well and get the habit of doing things in a thorough manner. With the foundation subjects well grounded and the ability to do hard and conscientious work well developed, the student is better for the conflict of life than tho he has a smattering of a hundred subjects.

The average person must look forward to one of four fields of work, first the mechanical trades and professions (including engineering), second, agricultural work; third, commercial work; fourth, some professional line.

The high school can easily give enough variation in its course of study to prepare for these four broad fields.

All should take English, literature, some mathematics, some science, and American history, and civil government. No



matter what one's occupation or position in life, these things are necessary. These make a series of studies all should take together. Those entering commercial life should have book-keeping, typing and stenography and languages. The agriculturist needs botany, physical geography, mechanical work and a specific study of agricultural problems. The engineering and mechanical students need all the mathematics and mechanical drawing they can get as well as the shop course. The literary and professional lines require languages, and a full course in history.

The four courses of study in the Cloverdale High School follow the above outlines. In addition those who do not care to go to the University or cannot complete the four years, may take industrial courses, adding to the prescribed work such subjects as will fit their needs.

This gives an opportunity to those boys who wish to stay on the farm or who wish to enter the mechanical trades, to get a training that will mean many dollars to them.

The shop course teaches a boy the principles of framing buildings, he will get instruction in forge work and the principles of gasoline engines. One boy designed and estimated the materials and cost of a fruit dryer. Two other boys did the same with a winery. The real problems of farm life are taken up.

Some take to mechanical things, the draughting of machine parts, the placing of shafting, belts and pulleys. One boy who had worked on a railroad drew the plans and details of culverts and trestle bridges.

Two others drew the plans and estimated the material to be used in building a school house in a neighboring district.

Cloverdale is an ideal place for a home. Parents intending to send their children to school would do much better to send them to Cloverdale than to fill up the overcrowded city High School.

Our shop with its equipment gives the ambitious boy who wants to master some mechanical trade a profession, an opportunity not to be found elsewhere.



Each boy furnishes his own box of tools. With much facilities and the individual instruction given the boys can get a start in mechanical work, all of which means the saving of many dollars on the farm or gives him a chance to start in at some trade.

Many boys are taking courses in correspondence schools slowly and painfully trying to master those things that will enable them to better their condition.

Such boys should plan to take a term or year's shop work in Cloverdale. There they can receive individual instruction in mechanical drawing and mathematics. Save the money sent away to distant correspondence schools and be better prepared to do actual work.

Parents who contemplate sending the children away to school should consider Cloverdale. It is a beautiful little country town, removed from the distractions and temptations to small vices that beset the young people in the large towns and cities. The people are prosperous, the social life is pleasant, and living cheap.

There are five churches in town. Congregational, Episcopal, South Methodist, North Methodist, and Catholic.

There is considerable work around town and an ambitious boy may get a great deal of work, thus earning money to help him along.

The Cloverdale High School maintains a shop course in wood work and forging to which any boy of the district over fourteen years of age may be eligible; a regular high school with an academic, a commercial, an engineering and mechanical, and an agricultural course, fulfilling the requirements for entrance to the State University, and industrial courses of a high school grade in commercial, agricultural, and mechanical work for those not desiring admission to the State University. Those taking industrial courses may choose their work in any manner not conflicting with the prescribed studies.



The elective and prescribed subjects for the Industrial and University Courses are as follows:

#### First Year

Elementary English, 1 year	Elementary English, 1 year
Elementary Algebra, 1 year	Elementary Algebra, 1 year
Bookkeeping, 1 year	Latin or French, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Elective, 1 year

#### Second Year

Elementary English, 1 year	Elementary English, 1 year
Plane Geometry, 1 year	Plane Geometry, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Latin or French, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Elective, 1 year

#### Third Year

Advanced English, 1 year	Advanced English, French, or
Elective, 1 year	Latin, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Elective, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Elective, 1 year
	Elective, 1 year

#### Fourth Year

Advanced English, 1 year	Advanced English, French or
American History and Civil Gov-	Latin, 1 year
ernment, 1 year	American History and Civil Gov-
Elective, 1 year	ernment, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Physics or Chemistry, 1 year
	Elective, 1 year

#### Literary and Professional

#### Commercial Course

##### First Year

Elementary English, 1 year	Elementary English, 1 year
Elementary Algebra, 1 year	Elementary Algebra, 1 year
Latin or French, 1 year	Latin or French, 1 year
Advanced Arithmetic, $\frac{1}{2}$ year	Advanced Arithmetic, $\frac{1}{2}$ year
Drawing, Freehand or Mechanic-	Drawing, Freehand or Mechanic-
al, $\frac{1}{2}$ year	al, $\frac{1}{2}$ year

##### Second Year

Elementary English, 1 year	Elementary English, 1 year
Plane Geometry, 1 year	Plane Geometry, 1 year
Latin or French, 1 year	Latin or French, 1 year
Ancient History, 1 year	Bookkeeping, 1 year



### Third Year

Advanced English, French, or Latin, 1 year	Advanced English, French or Latin, 1 year
General Science, 1 year	General Science, 1 year
Mod. and Med. History, 1 year	Typing and Stenography, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Elective, 1 year

### Fourth Year

Advanced English, French or Latin, 1 year	Advanced English, French or Latin, 1 year
American History and Civil Government, 1 year	American History and Civil Government, 1 year
Physics, Chemistry or Botany, 1 year	Physics, Chemistry or Botany, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Typing and Stenography, ½ year
	Drawing, ½ year

### Mechanical and Engineering Course

### Agricultural Course

#### First Year

Elementary English, 1 year	Elementary English, 1 year
Elementary Algebra, 1 year	Elementary Algebra, 1 year
Latin or French, 1 year	Latin or French, 1 year
Advanced Arithmetic, ½ year	Advanced Arithmetic, ½ year
Drawing, Freehand or Mechanical ½ year	Drawing, Freehand or Mechanical ½ year

#### Second Year

Elementary English, 1 year	Elementary English, 1 year.
Plane Geometry, 1 year	Plane Geometry, 1 year.
Latin or French, 1 year	Latin or French, 1 year
Elective, 1 year	Botany, 1 year

#### Third Year

Advanced English, French or Latin, 1 year.	Advanced English, French or Latin, 1 year.
Chemistry 1 year	Solid Geometry ½ year
Solid Geometry ½ year	Trigonometry, ½ year
Trigonometry, ½ year	Chemistry, 1 year
Elective, 1 year.	Physical Geography, 1 year

#### Fourth Year

Advanced French, English or Latin 1 year.	Advanced English, French or Latin 1 year.
American History and Civil Government, 1 year	American History and Civil Government, 1 year
Physics, 1 year	Physics, 1 year
Advanced Algebra, 1 year	Agriculture, 1 year



## Stolen

Wanted—A rat trap for A. G.

Lost—"Can gom" bracelet somewhere within the bounds of Mrs. Sample's pasture—a barette, on a certain little knoll west of the village of Blisterville—a beauty pin, where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold—red sweater and two books, on the Congregational Church steps. Finder of any of aforesaid articles please return to head of French department and receive reward.

Found—Some disillusion by G. L. and C. P.

Lost—Many precious moments by Delmar Vassar.

Wanted—Assistance on any and all occasions.—W. Mc.

Found—More bee stings than I need.—Mr. Miller.

Vegetables for Sale—By Cloverdale Garden Association.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen—Books, pencils, pens, tablets, and numerous articles.—Everybody.

Students taken to coach in algebra.—Clyde Burgess.

For Sale—What I know about girls, from my fast and furious, short and sweet experience, with a certain sample—Frank Belford.

Found—Some wisdom by John Sink.



